

**EWING'S LAMENTATION**  
BY W. A. CROFFUT.

I went to the fair, and I played with the bear,  
And pecked in the greiback monkey's cage;  
And with tobacco and a tin cracker  
The bullion elephant all in a rage.  
And I came in a lively  
For an animal which could catch  
The prize of whoever could catch  
That slippery P. I. G. !  
O, that was me !  
I went for L. O.  
For the slippery P. I. G. !

*"Pretty Important Footworkship."*

I took my place in the rattling race,  
And the people gathered 'round the fair;  
The tail of the beast was wiggled and fanned,  
And like an angel it flew in the air.  
I tumbled over the trough  
Which Sammy had sent to me,  
And my nervous hands were wiped off  
From the tail of the H. O. G.  
This side !  
At Horbore  
Was the tail of the H. O. G. !

*"Herings Of Genius."*

I scabbled along in the laughing throng,  
But Charley Foster flew like a deer ;  
I thought I was in my element,  
It kept me following far in the rear.  
The animal gave me the slip—  
I thought I had him in my net,  
But I specially lost my grip  
On S. W. I. N. E.  
The race was free,  
Just for me  
Was the S. W. I. D. T. \*

*"Spots, Horses, Office, And Drimstrange."*

I needed him bad. Our folks had had  
No victuals for more than a hundred month,  
Excepting the game that the Oldward came  
The indigestible Dixie coons.  
So I went to sample  
But it was too quick for me,  
As Charley P. took the fat  
S. W. I. N. E.  
Beatitude  
Elusive—the  
S. W. I. N. E. \*

*"Success Wanted In Northern Electives."*

I lost my place in the rattling race,  
For, remember, I was in the fair;  
The tail of the beast was wiggled and fanned,  
And he generally kept his nose ahead.  
I tumbled into the trough

From the tail of the P. I. G.  
O, cruel decree,  
That wrenched from me  
That grip on the P. I. G.!

**NABBY.**

**Mr. Nabby Has Heard from Ohio, and Appeals in His Distress to Gen. Butler, of Massachusetts.**

CONFEDERATE X ROADS.

}  
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,  
October 15, 1879. }

Ohio bez gone distractid. Insted uv electin  
wuk, and makin soft money securor, that cussid  
foster hez kerried the State by majority wich  
has no idee as to what make the matter  
us, the Legislacher hez gone agin us, and  
the sturn uv that saint, Thurman, is one uv  
them things that aint to be thot uv. Ohio is gone,  
and wat we depended onto is gone also. We  
depended to bring Ohio into the ranks as a soft  
money infusian State, to help the Confederat

so long desired. But Ohio is gon  
champion of soft money, and th  
ut by the idea that all you hev to d  
is to print it is hurried under

[illegible]

his eyes to Kentucky in onto Butler, the only aggressively wicked man, then, Kentucky looks appealingly. Butler is making the only greenback flourish.

[illegible]

grate Greenbacker. We pray for him  
 ruin, we drink to him doorin the da  
 shades n'r the evenin, the Corners

What the Corners wants is more money. The Farmers never had snuff money, since the war. And the war, when we had niggers to do our work, and food sell the surplus stock South, we could, by encouraging breeding, get along very well. But now we have to market our own stock, and clothe us, and to indulge in draw poker to our card's content. In those days, Bascom's wuz a paradise. The bar in front wuz filled with gentlemen takin their tods, and the women wuz sittin' at the bar, and the men playin draw poker and other games incidental to a high state o' civilization. I wuz wanted Deekin Pogran to come to wuz money he had, and then, rather than retire, since Libby and Sary, two o' my niggers, had been sent to the States, I wuz obliged to go (they had the Pogran nose), on two pair, and when he lost em, he see em draw off South with the last em. Ez he remarkt on that occasion,

**GATH** reveals another of the sly w

**THE GREENBACK PARTY.**—The Greenback party cannot stand the chilling blasts of winter. They are so cold that they cannot even feel the cold away. The mortality among Greenback newspapers is alarming. They die for want of money. They are so poor that they cannot even get the former supporters are returning, like wandering sheeps, to their old folds. Welcome them, ye Greenbackers! Welcome them, ye Greenbackers! Welcome them, ye Greenbackers! —*Hanshal Clipper.*

**ZACHARIAH CHANDLER AND OLIVER P. MORTON**—the great, patriotic statesmen of Michigan and Indiana—died just two years apart. Morton died on the 10th of November, 1878. Chandler died on the 1st of November, 1879.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.*